

SOULS for SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS.
Remember Medina, daughter of the New Inn, bride of the little town of Culverly, had fallen in love with Elwood Farnaby, an upright, self-made young man, the son of a country merchant banker. Their love had been meeting secretly, against the wishes of Remember's father.

Right as they sat together in the chaly Farnaby dejectedly whispered to her the factors where he was employed as foreman of the men at work and their marriage would have to be deferred. This reason for Remember's agitation in this statement was disclosed the following day when she saw the physician, Dr. Bretherick, for treatment of a severe cough. She was questioning him about the man who had a baby and that Farnaby was the father.

Dr. Bretherick advised an immediate marriage and placed a message for Remember to come to his office.

After minutes of waiting there came the startling announcement that Farnaby had just been run down by an automobile and killed.

The following day, still hummed by grief, she went to the station to which she found herself Remember's coming to him. Dr. Bretherick's plan to send her to Culverly to meet her father and return home again was abandoned.

Remember's parents appeared the trip as necessary to cure her cough. Before she left she told her mother the secret of the arranged marriage and the reason it was told. As the train left Culverly Medina felt a great surge of relief. Before her was All Outdoors!

They seemed to feel a necessity for becoming one; their hearts were turned to a sweet, shivering, poisonously jelly. Their blinded eyes were clenched to shut out the world and shut in the heavens that filled them with the little wings of chemism.

Mem closed her eyes in a sudden return of memory back to a re-experience. She almost swooned with terror of remembrance, and her remorse seemed to flee, contumacious and ridiculous, as her reason fled from that first visit of romance.

She was astonished at herself. She felt a hypocrite even to herself. She was not really sorry! She could never trust herself to learn. In spite of all that had proved the folly and the evil of her mistake, she wondered if it would not always recur to her somehow a divine madness wiser than any earthly reason.

Her brain was searched with a furious thought whipping through it like a lightning flane. A mocking Lillith seemed to be laughing at her bolier self. A new being inside her soul was rejoicing that she had given herself in all ecstasy to Elwood before he died. Even if he were damned for it, it seemed well that he should not have left this earth and this flesh without knowing its paradise.

There was neither marrying nor giving in marriage where he had gone, and their reunion would have been a bodiless greeting of ghosts if this sweet world had not overwhelmed them and their earthly

frames with its supreme rapture.

Elwood had never known anything but poverty, hard work, poor food, none of the silk and satin, none of the revelry and the wine and the splendor of the world. He had known nothing rich but her love.

He had been caught at his self-delusion, putting a little of his earnings into the pitiful savings he had achieved. He had been struck as with a great shell and shattered like a broken glass that filled his poor, crushed body. He had died fighting against any outcry of protest or pain. He had died muttering something that nobody knew—but she felt that he was stammering her name with his all-obliterated lips.

And her love was one music; her members chanted a triumphant song, because his body had known the symphonic music of her love.

Then the rhapsody died away. The Lillith vanished from her mood, and the little gray Puritan named Remember came back to the profaned shrine of her soul, astagh, incredulous, revolted. Romance had turned to a gauntlet of grotesque and obscene ugliness. She could not believe herself or trust her own profoundest fears again.

She was afraid and felt herself condemned to destruction. She was a scapegoat going out into the wilderness, but capable of sudden frenzies of pride in her burden of sin, incapable of shaking it off, afraid of being lonely without it.

She returned slowly from the blind void of her soul into the invisible and wondered what had passed before eyes in the long interim. She was learning to know herself and herself to know humanity. Her ignorance had been abysmal. To those who can believe ignorance beautiful, it had been ideal. There was peace of a sort in those sheltered caskets, but now she was climbing the mountains, the crags. She would see strange snows, strange flowers, exquisite deserts, smothering Edens.

The clanking uproar of the entrance into Kansas City filled her ears and drove away the music of the fields, factories, warehouses, freight trains, roundhouses, warning bells at street crossings where watchmen stood with flags before long bars, all the usual noisy bustle of approach to a large town assailed her. The train seemed to hurry, though it went more slowly. It was the plenitude of objects that gave it the illusion of speed, in the passage of a life.

Mem had never seen a great city, and this metropolis had a tremendous majesty in her eyes.

Some of the passengers from east-

ern points were getting off and she was fascinated to see how the porter whisked off their coats and hats and pinned their tips with an almost dancing rhythm. One of the pretty women passengers, whose voice had unlocked the wheels, asked the porter how long the train would stop, and when the diplomat said, "Eight minutes, miss," she made a loud declaration of her intention to stretch her legs. Others made ready for a breath of air. And so did Mem, who was saying and cavorting on everybody, picking up what hints she could to disguise her ignorance of travel and appear as a complete raffler.

The passengers choiced the straight corridor along the row of compartments, and Mem took her place in the blue. One of the doors opened and framed a tall and powerful young man with a peculiarly winsome face. His eyes brushed Mem and he lifted his hat as he asked her pardon for squeezing past her.

He knocked at another steel door and called through, "Oh, Robina, better come out for a bit of exercise."

While he waited, some of the passengers were twisting their necks to watch him and nudging and whispering to one another. When the door opened and Robina stepped out there was such a sensation and such a hoarse staring that Mem turned to look.

A young woman of an almost dazzling beauty came out, smiling and bareheaded. She noted the coyly in the corridor, and her smile died. She stepped back into her state room, and when she reappeared, she wore a large drooping hat and a thick black veil.

"I envy you the privilege of the veil," the young man said. Mem could not hear her answer, for the passengers began to move out, and she was carried forward with them to the steps and the station platform into a mass of hand bags and red-capped negro porters. She escaped the tangle and found a clear space for her promenade.

It gave her extraordinary exhilaration to be in a strange city.

It was Cathay to her.

Mem walked up and down the

An Unfailing Way to Banish Hairs

(Beauty Notes)

Ugly hairy growths can be removed in the privacy of your own home if you get a small original package of delatone and mix into a paste enough of the powder and water to cover the hairy surface. This should be left on the skin about two minutes, then removed and the skin washed and every trace of hair will have vanished. No harm or inconvenience can result from this treatment, but be sure you buy real delatone.

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(To Be Continued Monday.)

platform as if her feet were winged. There was a delightful wayfulness about wondering what she would do if the engine started suddenly. She would like to run and sing aboard like a professional tramp. When she saw that the engine had unlashed itself and departed into the distance beyond the care of the station, she felt safe enough to explore all the way up to the baggage car.

The baggage men and mail crew looked at her with that new way these foreigners had of looking at her, and she turned back. The other passengers trudging up and down stared at her—the men especially—all except the tall young fellow, with the veiled lady. The rest were a funny lot, bachelors or traveling salesmen. She noted with interest how they followed the tall young man and commented on his partner, But she could not catch the words.

Some of the strollers bought things to eat from boys who carried baskets of oranges, chocolate, chewing gum and cigars. Men felt a longing to buy something for the sheer sport of buying. But she had no money for extravagances.

Still, when she saw a newsman with a cargo of magazines, she could not resist the appeal. She could not resist the appeal.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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